

7th grade winner
Chantelle Roberts
T.H.Bell Jr. High

Ok...so I'm not that bad in school, in fact, I'm almost always on the honor roll...but who in their right mind would want to go to school? Not me! I love fishing; Dad says I had a fishing pole in my hand as soon as I could walk. Mom says I caught my first fish about then, too. The part I like most about fishing is the memories. Not many people these days have memories of their dad teaching them how to cast, his big hands wrapped around yours as you desperately try to reel in that first fish. Of family boat trips just sitting in the sun with a fishing pole clutched in both hands watching the bobber at the end of your pole, hoping that if you stare long enough, it will go under. The other thing I like about fishing is the peacefulness. Watching the waves ripple across the water every once in a while, the rings from where you know a fish had to have jumped, but you didn't see it.

Just recently I move to Utah from Indiana, and hadn't had the chance to go fishing. One day while I was coming in for a break from mowing the lawn my dad said, "think you can be ready in half an hour?" "For what?" I asked. "We're going fishing." I didn't have to be told twice, I ran out and half jogged while I mowed the rest of the lawn. Me, I usually take about an hour and a half to mow the lawn, this was a miracle, I got it done in forty-five minutes flat. I had just enough time to change into some fishing clothes, grab a jacket, and get my pole from the shed. We hurried to "Sportsmen's Warehouse" to get some worms. Off we went for an hours' drive to a place we had never fished before. We arrive there, got out of the car, poles in hand and looked over the side of the drop off into the water, "Yup, looks like a good spot," Dad said.

Now came the problem of getting down to the little pile of rocks. Dad went first and I tumbled after, Dad caught me before I landed splat in the water. Finally we settled down with our poles stuck in between some rocks. Within five minutes my pole was bending forward. I quickly picked it up and reeled it in, I saw the head of a brown suckerfish before he gave a jerk, stole my bait and swam away. That was the only "almost catch" that day. But still it was better than mowing the lawn, and if it was better than mowing the lawn, of course it was better than going to school.